As bombaſt and as lyning to the time:
But more deuout then this our reſpectes,
Haue we not been, and therefore met your Loues,
In their owne faſhyon like a merriment.
Dum. Our letters madame, ſhewed much more then ieſt.
Long. So did our lookes.
Roſa. We did not cote them ſo.
King. Now at the lateſt minute of the houre,
Graunt vs your loues.
Quee. A time me thinkes too ſhort,
To make a world-without-end bargaine in:
No no my Lord, your Grace is periurde much,
Full of deare guiltines, and therefore this,
If for my Loue (as there is no ſuch cauſe)
You will do ought, this ſhall you do for me:
Your oth I will not truſt, but goe with ſpeede
To ſome forlorne and naked Hermytage,
Remote from all the pleaſurs of the world:
There ſtay vntill the twelue Celeſtiall Signes
Haue brought about the annuall reckoning.
If this Auſtere inſociable life,
Change not your offer made in heate of blood.
If froſtes and faſtes, hard lodging, and thin weedes,
Nip not the gaudie bloſſomes of your Loue:
But that it beare this tryall, and laſt Loue,
Then at the expiration of the yeere,
Come challenge me, challenge me by theſe deſertes:
And by this Virgin palme now kiſſing thine,
I wilbe thine: and till that inſtance ſhutt
My wofull ſelfe vp in a mourning houſe,
Rayning the teares of lamentation,
For the remembraunce of my Fathers death.
If this thou do deny, let our handes part,
Neither intiled in the others hart.
King. If this, or more then this, I would denie,
To flatter vp theſe powers of mine with reſt,
The ſodaine hand of death cloſe vp mine eye,
Hence herrite then my hart, is in thy breſt.

Berow. And what to me my Loue? and what to me?
Roſal. You muſt be purged too, your ſinnes are rackt.
You are attaint with faultes and periurie:
Therefore if you my fauour meane to get,
A twelue month ſhall you ſpende and neuer reſt,
But ſeeke the weery beddes of people ſicke.
Duma. But what to me my Loue? but what to me?
Kath. A wife? a beard, faire health, and honeſtie,
With three folde loue I wiſh you all theſe three.
Duma. O ſhall I ſay, I thanke you gentle Wife?
Kath. Not ſo my Lord, a twelue month and a day,
Ile marke no wordes that ſmothfaſt wooers ſay,
Come when the King doth to my Lady come:
Then if I haue much loue, Ile giue you ſome.
Duma. Ile ſerue thee true and faythfully till then.
Kath. Yet ſweare not, leaſt ye be forſworne agen.
Longauill. What ſaies *Maria?*
Mari. At the twelue months ende,
Ile change my blacke Gowne for a faithfull frend.
Long. Ile ſtay with patience, but the time is long.
Mari. The liker you, few taller are ſo young.
Berow. Studdies my Ladie? Miſtres looke on me,
Beholde the window of my hart, mine eye:
What humble ſuite attendes thy anſwere there,
Impoſe ſome ſeruice on me for thy Loue.
Roſa. Oft haue I heard of you my Lord *Berowne,*
Before I ſaw you: and the worldes large tongue
Proclaymes you for a man repleat with mockes,
Full of compariſons and wounding floutes:
Which you on all eſtetes will execute,
That lie within the mercie of your wit:
To weede this wormewood from your fruictfull braine,
And therewithall to winne me, yf you pleaſe,
Without the which I am not to be won:
You ſhall this twelue month terme from day to day,
Viſite the ſpeachleſſe ſicke, and ſtill conuerſe,
With groning wretches: and your taſke ſhall be,
With all the fierce endeuour of your wit,